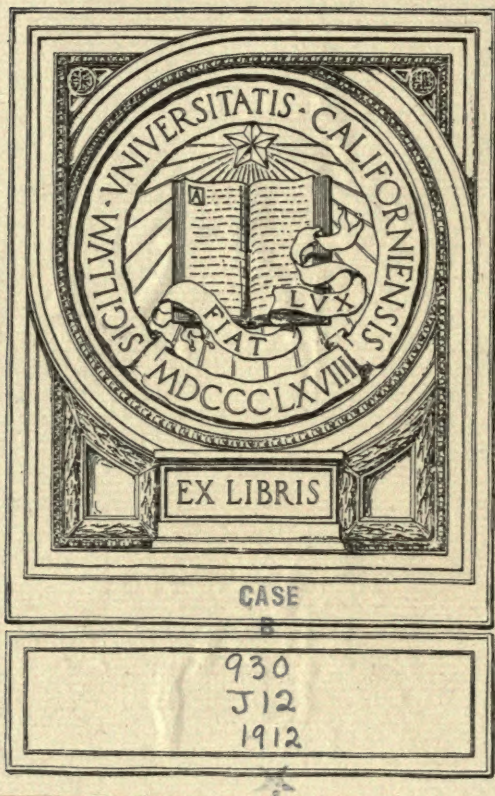


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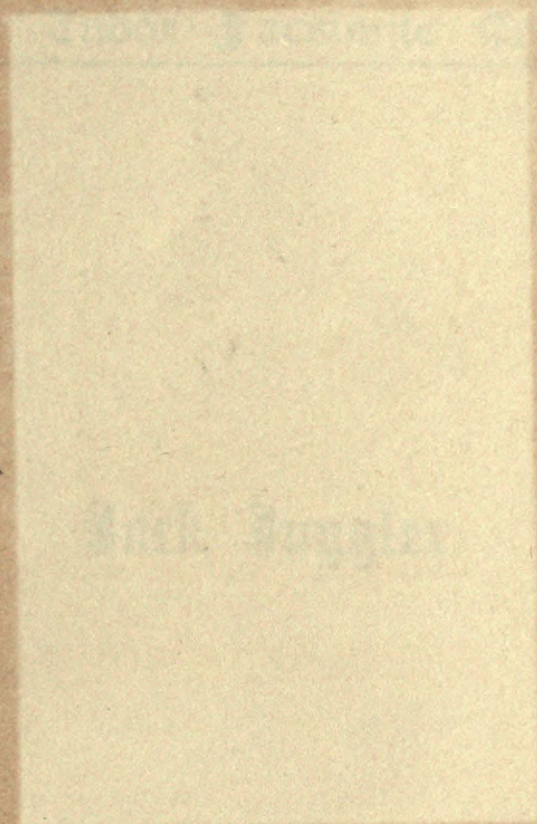
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Juggler

Date of only known Copy . . . c. 1553-61

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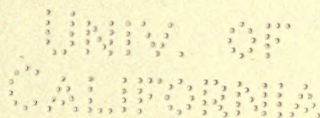
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Juggler

[c. 1553-61]



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Jack Juggler

[c. 1553-61]

For bibliographical details students may refer to the introduction to the facsimile reprint of "Thersytes" in this Series.

The author is unknown and the date given cannot be said to be more than conjectural.

The reproduction is good and, being what it is, very satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlued for

Chyldren to playe, named Iacke Jugler, both
wytte, and very playfent. Newly
Imprinted.

The Players names.

Mayster Boungrace

Dame coye

Iacke Jugler

Jenkin careaway

Alles tpye and go

A galant

A Gentelwoman

The vyce

A Lackey.

A mayd.



Boungrace.



Iacke Jugler.



❖ The Prologue.



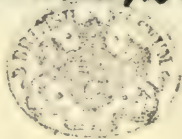
Merpone tuis interdum gaudia curis
Ut possis animo quemues sufferre laborem
Doo any of you knowe what latine is this
Or ells wold you haue, an expolitozem
To declare it in Englyshe, per sensum planiozem
It is best I speake Englyshe, or ells with in a whylle
I may perccace myne owne selfe, with my latin begyle.

The two verses, which I rehersid befoze
I finde wzitten, in the boke of Cato the wyse
Amongs good pzecepts, of lyuing a thousand moze
Which to folowte there, he doth all men auise
And they may be Englyshed, bzealie in this wyse
Amongs thy careful busines, vse some tyme mirth & ioye
That no bodilpe woꝝke, thy wyttes bzeke or noye.

Foz the mynd (saith he) in serious matters occupied
Yf it haue not sum quiet mirth, and recreation
Interchaungeable admixed, must niddes be sone wried
And (as to ho should saye) tried, thzough continual opera
Of labour and busines, without relaxation (cion)
Therfoze intermix honest mirth, in suche wise
That your strenght may be refreschid, & to labours suffice

Foz as meat and dzinke, naturall rest and slepe
Foz the conseruacion, and helth of the bodye
Must niddes be had, soo the mynd and witte to kepe
Pregnant, freshe industrius, quike and lustie
Honest mirth, and pastime, is requisite and necessarie
Foz, Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est
Nothing may endure (saith Dyd) with out sum rest.

Example



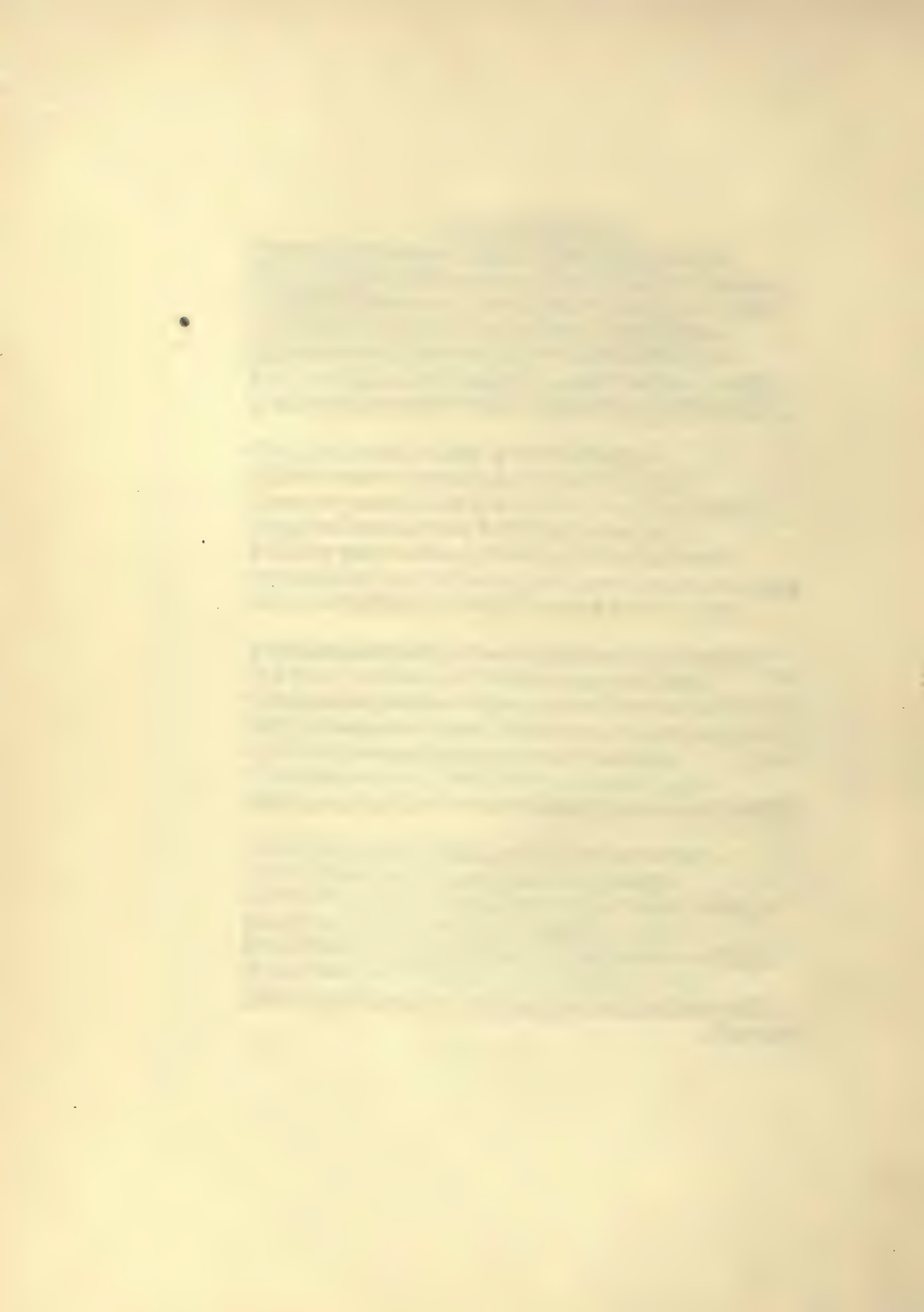
The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the

the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the
the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the

the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the
the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the

the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the



Example, proufe her of in erth is well founde
Manifest open and herse euident
For except the husbandman suffer his grounde
Sum tymes to rest, it wol bere no frute verament
Therfoze they lett the filde lye, euerie second yere
To the end that after rest, it may the better cozne beare.

Thus than (as I haue sayed) it is a thping naturall
And naturallse belonging to all lyuing creatures
And vnto man especiallie, aboue others all
To haue at times cōueniēt pastauice, mirth, & pleasurs
So thei be ioyned wth honestie, & kept wth in due measurs
And the same well allowed not onlye the said Cato
But also y^e Philosophers, Plutarke, Socrates & Plato

And Cicero Tullius, a man sapient and wyse
willeth the same, in that his fyrst booke
Which he wrot, and entitulid, of an honest mans office
Who so is disposid therupon to looke
Wher to define, and offirme, he boldlie on him tooke
That to here Enterluds, is pastime conuenient
For all maner men, and a thing congruent.

He rekeneth that namelie, as a verie honest dispozt
And aboue al other thinges, commendeth y^e old cōmedie
The hearing of which, may doo the mynd cumfort
For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophie
The containe mutch wisdom & teache prudēt pollecie
and though thei be al wyte of matriers of non ioytauce
Yet the shew great wit, and mutch pretie conueiaunce.

And in this maner of making, Plautus did excell

As recozde the same Tullius cōmending him bī name
Wherfoze this maker deliteth passinglpe well
Too folowe his argumentes, and drabwe out the same
Foz to make at seasing cōueniēt passings mirth & game
As now he hath dō this matter not woꝛth an oyster shel
Except percase it shall furtune too make you laugh well

And foz that purpose onlpe this maker did it wꝛite
Taking the ground ther of out of Plautus first cōmedie
And the first sentence of þ same foz higher things endite
In no wise he wold, foz yet the time is so queste
That he that speaketh best, is lest thanke woꝛthie
Therfoze, sith noting but trifles maye be had
You shal here a thing þ onle shal make you merie & glad.

And suche a trifling matter as when it shalbe done
Ye may repoꝛt and saye ye haue hearde nothing at all
Therfoze I tell you all, befoze it be begone
That noman looke to heare of matters substancypall
Noz matties of any grauttee either great oz small
Foz this maker shewd vs that suche maner thinges
Doo neuer well besime litle boyes handelinges.

Wherfoze yf ye wyl not sowzelie your bzoues bende
At suche a fantastical conceite as this
But can be content to heare and see the ende
I woll go shew the Players what your pleasure is
Which to wait vpon you I know bee redie oz this
I woll goo sende them hither in too your pꝛesence
Desiring that they may haue quiet audience.

Take

✱ Take Jugler.

O My lord of Heuen and swete sainte Ihone
 Rest you merve my maisters everychone
 And I praye to Chzist and swete saint Steuen
 Send you all many a good evine
 And you to syz, and you, and you also
 Good evine to you an hundered times & a thousand mo
 Now by all thes crosses of fleshe bone and blod
 I reckine my chaunce right maruaylus good
 Here now to find all this cumpanie
 Which in my mynde I wysshed for hartylle
 For I haue labored all daye tyll I am werie
 And now am disposed too passe the time, and be merie
 And I thinke noon of you, but he wolde do the same
 For who wol be sad, and nedishe not, is foule to blame
 And as for mee, of my mother I haue byn tought
 To bee merie when I may, and take no thought
 Which leasone, I bare so well awaye
 That I vse to make mervye oons a daye
 And now if all thinges happyn right
 You shall see as mad a pastime this night
 As you saw this seuen yers, and as propre a toye
 As euer yon saw played of a boye
 I am called Take Jugler, of many an oon
 And in faith I woll playe a iugling cast a non
 I woll cunger the moull, and god befoze
 Or elles leat me lese my name for euer moze
 I haue it deuised, and compasced hou
 And what wayes, I woll tell and shew to you
 you all know we ll Maister Boungrace
 The gentilman that dwellich here in this place
 And Jenkin Carrea wate, his page as curled a lad
 And

And as vngracious as euer man had
 An vnhappy wage, & as foliſhe a knaue wiſh al
 As any is now, within London wall
 This Jenkine and I been fallen at great debate
 For a matter, that fell betwix me & a late
 And hitherto of him I could neuer reuenged be
 For his maſter maintaineth him, & loueth not me
 Albe it the very truth to tell
 Nother of the both, knoweth me not herſe well
 But againſt al other boſes, the ſayd gentle man
 Whapnteyneth him, all that he can
 But I ſhall ſet litle by my wyte
 If I do not Jenkine this night requite
 Ere I ſleepe Jenkine ſhall bee mete
 And I truſt to come partlye out of his dete
 And when we mete againe, if this do not ſuffiſe
 I ſhall paye Jenkine the reſidue, in my beſt wyſe
 It chaunced me right now in the other end of þe next ſtreet
 With Jenkine and his maſter, in the face to met
 I aboed ther a while, playng for to ſee
 At the Buklers, as welbecommed mee
 It was not longe tyme, but at the laſt
 Baked cum the my colune Careawate, homward ful faſt
 Whickling, Braunſling, and ſpringynge in his ſhort cote
 And pleaſauntlie ſynginge, with a mery note
 Whyther a waye ſo faſt, tary a while ſayed oon
 I cannot now ſayd Jenkine, I muſt nides bee goon
 My maſter ſuppeth herbye, at a gentylmans place
 And I muſt thither ſeache my dame, maiſtres bou grace
 But yet er I go, I care not motche
 At the buklers to playe, with thee oon faire foche
 To ſe they went, and played ſo long

Tyll Jenkine thought he had wzong
 By cokes pꝛecious potstike, I wpll not home this night
 Quod he, but as good a stripe oon thie hed lyght
 Within halfe an houre, or sūme what lese
 Jenkine leste playng, and went to featche his maisteris
 But by the waye he met with a frcuteres topfe
 There Jenkine and she fell at suchē strife
 For snatchng of an Apple, that doune he cast
 Her basket, and gatherid by the apples fast
 And put them in his sleue, thē came he his waye.
 By an other lane, as fast as he mape
 tyll he came at a corner, by a shoops stall
 Where boyes were at Dice, faryng at all
 When Careawaie with that good cumpany met
 He fell to faryng, withouten let
 Forgettng his meſſage, and so well did he fare
 that whan I came bye, he gan ſwere and ſcare
 And full bitterlye, began to curſe
 As oone that had loſt, almoſt all in his purſe
 For I knowe his olde giſe, and condicion
 Neuer to leaue, tyll all his mony bee goon
 For he hath noo mony, but what he doth ſtell
 And that woll he playe, a waye euery dell
 I paſſed by, and then called vnto my mynd
 Sartayde old rekeaninges, that were behynd
 Bitwen Jenkine & me, whō partlie to recōpence
 I truſt by gods grace, ere I goo hence
 This garments, cape, and all other geare
 That now you ſee, apon me here
 I haue doon oon, all lyke vnto his
 For the nong, and my purpoſe is
 To make Jenkine, byliue yf I can

that

That he is not him selfe, but an other man
 For except he hath better loke, than he had
 He wold cum hyther, starke starvng mad
 Whan he shall cum, I wol handle my captine so
 That he shal not well wot, whether too goo
 His Maisteris I know, he wold him blame
 And his Mayster also, wyl doo the same
 Because that we, of her supper deceiued is
 For I am sure they haue all supped by this
 But and if Jenkine, wold hither resort
 I trust he and I, wold make sum sport
 Yf I had sooner spokine, he wold haue sooner been here
 For my limithe, I do his voyce heare.

¶ Careawate.

A lyz I may saye, I haue been at a fest
 I haue lost .ii. s. and sxx pence at the lest
 Mary lyz, of this gaynes I nyde make no host
 But the dyuell goe wth all, more haue I lost
 My name is Careawate, let all sorow passe
 I wolle ere too morow night be as rich as euer I
 Or at þe forthest within a day or twaine (was
 The Maysters purse, shall paye me agayne
 Therfor hogh careawate, now wol I sig. hei hei
 But bi þe lord now I remembze a nother thing
 By my faith Jenkine my Maisteris and thou
 Ar lyke to gree, god knoweth hou
 That thou comest not, for her incontinent
 To byng hir to supper, when thou were sent
 And now they haue all supped, thou wolt thurle a bye
 Except thou imagine, sumpzetie and craftye lye
 For she is as all other weemen bee
 A verie cursed thew, by the blessed Trinite

And

And a herpe Dyuell, for yf she oong begyne
 To fyght, or chpde, in a weke she wol not lyne
 And a great pleasure she hath, specyally now of late
 To gette pooze me, now and then by the pate
 For she is an angrie pece of fleſhe, and ſone diſpleasyd
 Quikely moued, but not lyghtlye appeled
 We be to call her at home, dame Coye
 A pretty gingeelte pice, god ſaue her and ſaint Loye
 As denty and nice, as an halpeny worth of ſiluer ſpoong
 But bengable melancolie, in the after noong
 She beſeth for hir bodylly helth, and ſafegard
 To chyd daylly oone fite, too ſupperward
 And my Maſter him ſelfe, is woyle then ſhe
 If he ons thzoughlye angeryd be
 And a mayd we haue at home, Aulſoon tripe and goo
 Not all London can ſewe, ſuche oth'r twoo
 She ſimperith, ſhe prankith and getteth with out faylle
 As a pecocke that hath ſpied, and ſhe weth hir gaye taile
 She minceth, ſhe bzideleth, ſhe ſwimmeth to and fro
 She tredith not one here a wyfe, ſhe tryppeth like a do
 A bzode in the ſtrete, going or cumming homeward
 She quauerith, and wardelith, like one in a galiard
 Euerye ſoynt in her bodye and euerye part
 Oh it is a toylly wenche to myns and deuyd a fart
 She talketh, ſhe chatteth like a wyfe all daye
 And ſpeaketh like a parat Poppagaye
 And that as fine, as a ſmall ſilken threed
 Ye and as high as an Eagle can fle for a neade
 But it is a ſpitfull lying gyle, and neuer well
 But whan ſhe may ſum p'll tael by me tel
 She woll I warrant you, a non at the firſt
 Of me imagine, and ſaye the woꝛſt.

And what soeuer He to my maisteris doth sape
It is wziten in the goſpell of the ſame daye
Therfore I woll here with my ſelfe deuise
What I may beſt ſay, and in what wiſe
I may excuſe this my long taryeng
That He of my negligence may ſuſpect nothyng
For if the faulte of this be found in mee
I may giue my life for halpenis thzee

Hic cogitabundo ſimilis ſedeat.

Let me ſtodie this moneth, and I ſhall not fiend
A better deuise then now is cume to my mynd
Maſtris woll I ſape, I am bound by my dutie
To ſee that your womanhod haue no iniurie
For I heare and ſee, moze then you now and then
And your ſelfe partlie know the want in wyles of men
When wee came yender, there dyd I ſee
My maſter kiſſe gentillwomen tow or thzee
And to come emongſ others my thought byſye
He had a myzauyllus great phantaſye
I non he commaundyd me to run thengs for you
To cume ſupe there if you wold but I wot not how
My hart grudgid miſtruſting leſt that I being awaye
My maſter wold ſum light caſt playe
Wher vpon maſtries, to ſe the ende
I tarried halfe ſupper time ſo god me mende
And beſydes that there was ſuch other compaignye
As I know your maſtriſhip ſetterh nothing by
Gorges dames of the corte and galaunts alſo
With doctours, and other ruſſlers mo
At laſt whan I thought it tyme and ſeaſune
I cam too certifie you as it was treaſune
And by the way whome ſhould I mete

Bnt

But that most honest Gentilman in the stret
 Which the last wike was with you here
 And made you a banket, and bouncing cheare
 Ah Jenkin q he good spid how farest thou
 Mary wel god yld it you maister q I how do you
 How dothe thy maister is he at home
 Ye syz q I and suppeth all a lone
 And but she hath noo maner good chere
 I am sure she wold gladlye haue you there
 I cannot cum now sayd he I haue busines
 But thou shalt carie a tokine from me to thy maistreis
 Goo with me too my chaumbze at youe lane end
 And I woll a dishe of costerds vnto hyz send
 I folowid him, and was bolde by your leaue
 To receiue and bring them here in my sleue
 But I wold not for all Englonde by Ihesu Chryst
 That my maister Boungrace herof wylst
 D: knew that I shoulde any such geare to you bring
 Lest he misdime vs both in sum worse thyng
 Nor shew him nothyng of that I before sayed
 For then in dyd syz I am arayed
 Yf you doo I may nothing herafter vnto you tell
 Whether I se mi master doo ill or well
 That if you now this counsaile kepe
 I wol ease you parchaunce twise in a wike
 you may save you wer si ke and your hed didake
 that you lusted not this night any supper make
 Specialle without the dozes but thought it best
 too abyde at home and take your rest
 And I wyl to my maister too byng hym home
 For you know he wolbe angrfe if he come alone
 this woll I save and face it so well

B. ff.

that

That he shall beleue it euery dell
 Thou saye you frinds, by the armes of Robyn hood
 Wol not this excuse be resonable good
 To muse for any beeter, great foly it is
 For I may make sure rekennynge of this
 That and if I wold sit stonyng this. bit. pere
 I shall not els fynd how to saue me all clere
 And as you see for the most part our wyllys be best
 When wee be takyne most hured lest
 But I wol not geue for that hope a flye
 That hath not al tymes in stowe one good lye
 And cannot set a good face vpon the same
 Therfore saint George þe bozoue, as it wol let him frame
 I woll leoparde a lopnt, bee as bee maye
 I haue had many lyke chaunces, before this daye
 But I promise you I do curstlye feare
 For I feel a vengeable burning in my left ere
 And it hath byn a sayng, oftyme long
 That swete mete woll haue soure saute among
 And surelye I shall haue sum ill hape
 For my here standith by vnder my cape
 I would knoeke but I dare not by our ladye
 I feare hanging where vnto no man is haste
 But seing there is no nother remedie
 Thus to stand any longer it is but folye.

Hic pullet ostium.

They bee soo farre with in, the cannot heare

Jacke Jugler.

Dost thy knocking saute knaue, what makest thou there

Jenkene Careawate.

What knaue is that, he speaketh not too me I trowe
 And we mete the one of vs is lyke to haue a blowe

for

Foꝛ nobe that I am well chased, and sumwhat hote
twentye suche could I hewe as small as sicke to rote
And surelie if I had a knyfe
This knaue should escape hardelye with his lyfe
To teache him to aske of me any moze
What I make at my owne maistirs dooze

¶ Jacke Jugler

But if thou come from that gate thou knaue
I woll fet thee by the sweet lookes so god me saue

✱ Jenkin Careawate

Woll the hozesoon fyght in dede by myn honestie
I know no quarell he hath too me
But I wold I were with in the house
And then I wold not set by hym a louse
Foꝛ I feare and mistrust suche quareling thieues
See how he beginnith to strike by his sleues

¶ Jacke Jugler

His arse makith buttens now, and who lustith to seale
Shall find his hart creping out at his heele
Oꝛ ellis lying hiden in sum corner of his hose
Yf it be not alredie dzopped out of his nose
Foꝛ as I doubt not but you haue hard befoꝛne
A moze dastard couerd knaue was neuer boꝛne

✱ Jenkin Careawate

The diuell set the house a fier, I trove it is a curse
When a man hath most hast he spedith woꝛst
Yf I bee robed, oꝛ slayne, oꝛ any harme geate
The fault is in them that dothe not me in lete
And I durst seoperd, an hunderid pounce
That sum bauderie might now within be founde
But except sum of them come the soner
I shall knocke suche a peale, that al england shal wonder

D.iii.

Take

CTake iugler

Knoke at the gate hardelye agayne if thou dare
And seing thou wolt not bye faire woꝝdgs beware
Now listes, me thinketh yesterdape. bli. pers past
That four men a sleepe at my fete you cast
And thys same day you dyd no maner good
Now were not washen in warme blod

* Jenkin Careawape

What whorson is this that washith in warme blod
Sum diuell broken loose, out of hell for wood
Four hath he slayne, and now well I see
That it must be my chaunce the fift to bee
But rather then thus shamfullpe too he slayne
Wold Chzist my frends had hanged me being but pers. if
And yet if I take good hart and be bolde
Percace he wolbe moze sobze and coulde

CTake iugler

Now handes bestr you about his lyppes and face
And streake out all his teth without any grace
Gentelman are you disposed to eare any list mete

* Jenkin Careawape

I haue supped I thanke you syz and lyst not to eate
Geue it to them that are haungrie if you be wyse

CTake iugler

Yet shall do a man of your dyet no harme to suppe twise
This shall be your Chise, to make your met digest
For I tell you thes handes weighith of the best

* Jenkin Careawape

I shall neuer escape see how he waghith his handes

CTake iugler

With a stroke they wyl lay a knaue in our ladye boong:
And thys day yet they haue done no good at all

* Jenkin Careawape

Erre þe assaye the on mee, I praise thee lame the on þe wal
But speake you all this in earnest, or in game
Yf you be angrie with me trulpe you are to blame
For haue you any iust quarell to mee

¶ Take iugler

Cer thou and I parte that wol I thew thee

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

Oz haue I doone you any maner displeasure

¶ Take iugler

Erre thou and I parte thou shalt know, þe maist besure

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

By my faith yf thou be angrie without a cause
You shall haue a mendes made with a cople of straus
By thee I sette what soeuer thou arte
But for thy displeasure I care not a farte
May a man demaund to hols seruant you bee

¶ Take iugler

My maisters seruant I am for heritic

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

What busynes haue you at this place now

¶ Take iugler

Ray mary tell me what busynes hast thou
For I am commaunded for to watche & giue diligence
That in my good maister Boungraces absence
Noo misfortune may happen to his house certayne

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

Well now I am cume, you may go hens agayne
And thanke them þe somuch for my maister hath doone
Sewing them þe the seruants of þe house be cume home
For I am of the house, and now in woll I goo

¶ Take iugler

I cannot tell whether thou be of the house or noo

But

But goo no nere, lest I handle thee like a stranger
Thanke no man but thy selfe, if thou be in any daunger

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

Maye I desye thee, and plainly vnto thee tell
That I am a seruaunt of this house, and here I dwell

Jacke fugler

Now soo god me snache, but thou goo thee waies
Whille thou mayest, for this fortie dayes
I hall make thee not able to goo nor ryde
But in a dungcart oz a whilberow lypng on on syde

¶ Jenken Careawaye

I am a seruaunt of this house by thes. x. bong

✱ Jacke fugler

Now more prating but geat thee heng at towng

Jenkin Careawaye

Why my mapster hath sent me home in his message

✱ Jacke fugler

Like and walke a knaue, here a waye is no passage

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

What wilt thou let me from my nowne maistrs house

✱ Jacke fugler

Be tredging, oz in faith you bere me a soule
Here my mapster and I haue our habitacion
And hath continually dwelled in this mansyon
At the least this doosen yers and od
And here wol we end our lynes by the grace of god

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

Why then where shall my maister and I dwell

✱ Jacke fugler

At the Dpuell pf you lust, I can not tell

¶ Jenken Careawaye

In nomine patris, now this geare doth passe

For a litle before supper here our house was
And this day in the morning I wol on a booke sweare
That my maister and I both dwelleyd here

¶ Jacke iugler

Who is thy maister tell me with out lye
And thine owne name also let me knowe shortlye
For my maisters all, let me haue the blame
If this knaue kno his master or his owne name

¶ Careawaye

My maisters name is maister Boungrace
I haue dwelled with him a longe space
And I am ien kin Careawaye his page

¶ Jacke iugler.

What ye drunkin knaue begin you to rage
Take that, art thou maister Boungraces page

¶ Careawaye

If I be not, I haue made a berye good blage

¶ Jacke iugler.

Darest thou too my face saye thou art I

¶ Careawaye

I wolde it were true and no lye
For then thou sholdest smart, and I should be
Where as now I do all the blowes get

¶ Jacke iugler

And is maister Boungrace thy maister doest thou then saye

¶ Careawaye

I woll sweare on a booke, he was ons this daye

¶ Jacke iugler

And for that thou shalt sumwhat haue
Because thou p̄sumest, like a saucy lying knaue
To saye my maister is thynne who is thy maister now?

¶ Careawaye.

C. i.

By my

By my trouthe syz who so euer please you
I am your owne, for you bete me soo
As no man but my mayster holde doo

Jacke iugler

I woll handle thee better if faut be not in syt

Careawaye

Helpe saue my life maisters for y passion of chzist

Jacke iugler

Why thou lowly these doest thou crye and roze

Careawaye

No fayth I woll not crye one to bit moze

Saue my lyfe helpe, or I am slaine

Jacke iugler

Ye doest thou make a romeringe yet a gayne

Dyd not I byde the holde thy peace

* Careawaye

In faith now I leaue crieng, now I cease helpe, helpe!

Jacke iugler

Who is thy maister

Careawaye

Mayster Boungrace

Jacke iugler

I woll make the chaung y song, ere wee pas this place

For he is my maister, and a gaine to see I saye

That I am his ienkin Careawaye

Who art thou now tell me plaine

* Careawaye

Noo bodye, but whome please you sertayne

Jacke iugler

Thou saydest euen now thy name was Careawaye

* Careawaye

I crye you marcy syz, and forgiuenes praye

I said a mylle because it was soo too dape

And thought it should haue continued alwaies



Like a foale as I am and a dzonken knaue
But in faith syz yee se all the wytte I haue
Therfoze I beseeche you do me no moze blame
But giue me a new maister, and an other name
For it wold greue my hart soo helpe me god
To runne a bout the stretes like a maisterlis nod

Take iugler

I am he that thou saydest thou were
And maister boungrace is my maister y dwleth heare
thou art no poynt Careawaye thi wilsts do thee faylle

✱ Careawaye

Ye mary syz you haue bette them doune into my taylle
But syz myght I be bolde to saye on thyng
Without any blowes, and without any beatynge

Take iugler

Truce for a whyle say one what thy lust

Careawaye

May a man too your honeste by your woozd trust
I pray you sweare by the masse you woll do me no yll

Take iugler

By my faith I promise pardone thee I woll

Careawaye

What and you kepe no promise. Ja iugler, then bpō caē
I praye god light as much oz moze as hath on y to daye

Careawaye

Now dare I speake so mote I thee

Maister boungrace is my maister, and the name of mee
is ienken careaway, take iugler. What saiest thou soo
careawaye

And yf thou wilt strike me, and breake thy promise, doo
And beate on mee, tyll I sinke, and tyll I dye
And yet woll I still saye that I am I

Take iugler

This bedlem knaue without doubt is mad

C Careawaye

No by god for all that I am a wyse lad
And can cal to remembraunce every thyng
That I dyd this daye, sithe my byrthyng
For went not I wyth my mayster to daye
Ely in the morning to the Tents playe
At noone whyle my maister at his dynner sate
Played not I at Dice at the gentylmans gate
Did not I wayte on my maister to supper ward
And I thike I was not chaiged þ way hōward
Or ellis if thou thinke I lye
Aske in the stret of them that I came by
And sith that I cam hether into your pzelens
What man lyving could carye me hens
I remember I was sent to fetch my maisteris
And what I deuised to saue me harmeles
Doo not I speake now is not this my hande
Be not these my feet þ on this ground stande
Did not this other knaue her knoke me about þ
And beat me tyll I was almost dede. (hede.
How may it then bee, that he should bee Ie
Or I not my selfe it is a shamefull lye
I woll home to our house, whosoener say naye
For surelye my name is Ienkin Careawaye

C Jacke Jugler.

I woll make thee say otherwisse ere we depart if we can

C Ienkin Careawaye

Nay that woll I not in faith for no man
Except thou tell me what I thou hast doone
Euer syth fyue of the cloke this after noone
Reherse me all that with out anye lye

And

And then I woll confesse that thou art I

✱ Jacke iugler

When my maister came to the gentylmā's place
He cōmaunded me too rume home a great pace
Too fet thyther my maisteris and by the waye
I dyd a good whyle at the bukelers playe
Then came I by a wife that did costerds sell
And cast downe hir basket sayre and well
And gathered as many as I could gete
And put thesm in my sleue here they bee yet

¶ Careawaise

How the diuell should they cume there
For I dyd them all in my owne sleue here
He lyeth not a woorde in all this
Nor dothe in any one popnt myse
For ought I se yet betwene erneste and game
I must go like me a nother name
But thou mightest see al this, tel the rest that is behynd
And there I knowe I shal thee a lyer fynd

✱ Jacke iugler

I ran thence homeward a contrarpe waye
And whe ther I stoped there oz naye
I could tell if me lusteth a good token
But it may not very well be spoken

¶ Jenkin Careawaise

How may I praye thee let no man that here
But tell it me priuelye in mine ere

✱ Jacke iugler

I thou lost all thy mony at dice chyst geue it his curse
wel and truelye pycked befoze out of an other mā's porsse

¶ Jenken Careawaise

Godes bodey hoze son thet who tolde thee that same

Sum

Sum cunning diuell is with in thee payne of shame
In nomine patris, god and our blessed ladye
Now and euermore saue me from thy cumpange

Jacke iugler

How now art thou Careawaye or not

* Careawaye

By the lord I doubt, but sayest thou nay to that

Jacke iugler.

Ye mary I tell thee care awaye is my name

Careawaye

And by these tene bones myne is the same

Oz ellg tell me yf I be not hee

What my name frome henceforth shall bee

* iacke iugler

By my fayth the same that it was befoze

Whan I lust too be Careawaye no more

Looke well hpon me, and thou shalt see as now

That I am ienkyne Careawaye and not thou

Looke well a pon me, and by euerye thyng

Thou shalt well know that I make no leasing.

Careawaye

I se it is soo without any doubt

But how the dyuell came it a boue

Who soo in England loke the on him stedelye

Shall perceiue plainlye that he is I

I haue sene my selfe a thousand times in a glasse

But soo lyke my selfe as he is neuer was

He hath in euerye poynt my clothng & mi geare

My hed, my cape, my shirt and notted heare

And of the same coloure, my yes, nose and lyppeg

My chekes chine, neake, feete, leges, and hippeg

Of the same stature, and hyght and age

And

And is in euery poynt maister Boungrace page
That if he haue a hole in his taylor
He is euen I myne owne selfe without any faile
And yet when I remembre I wot not how
The same mā I haue euer bine me thinketh I am now
I know mi maister, & his house, & my fine witts I haue
Why then should I giue credence to this folishe knaue
That nothing entendith but me delude and mooke
For whom should I feare at my masters gate to knoke
Jacke iugler

Thinkest thou I haue sayde all this in game
Goo oz I shall send the hens in the dyuills name
A boyde thou lousye lurden & precious sinking slaue
that nether thi name knowest noz canst ani maister haue
wile shakin, pilorpe perpour, of lice not about a pecke
Hens oz by gods precious I shall breake thy necke

¶ Careawaye

Then mayster I besiche you hartylpe take the payne
Yf I be found in any place too bzing me to me againe
Now is not this a wonderfull case
That no man should leafe him selfe soo in ony place
Haue any of you harde of suche a thyng here to fore
No noz neuer shall I dare saie from hensforth any moze

¶ Jacke iugler

Whyle he museth an iudgeth him selfe apon
I woll stele a waye for a whyle and let him a loon

✱ Careawaie

Good lord of heuine, where dyd I my selfe leaue
Oz who did me of my name by the waye bereue
For I am sure of this in my mynde
That I dyd in no place leue my selfe byhinde
Yf I had my name played a waye at dyce

O: had sold my selfe to any man at a pryce
O: had made a fray and had lost it in fyghtyng
O: it had byne stolne from me sleaping
It had byne a matter and I wold haue kept patience
But it spyteth my hart to haue lost it by suche open neg-
lyth thou hozelone drouisie drunken sote (ligence
Yt were an almes dyde to walke thy cote
And I shew him that wold for thee be sozpe
Too see thee well curyed by and by
And by Chryst if any man wold it doo
I my selfe wold helpe there too
For a man may see thou hozelone goose
Thou woldest lye thyne arse if it were loose
Albest I wolde neuer the dyde beleue
But that the thing it selfe doth shewe and proue
There was neuer Ape so lyke vnto an Ape
As he is to me in feature, and shape
But what wold my master say trow ye
When he shall this geare here and see
Wyl he knowe me thinke you, when he shall se me
Yf he do not a nother wold as good as he
But where is that other I whether is he gon
To my master by cockes pzeious passion
Eytter to put me out of my place
O: too accuse me to my master Boungrace
But I wold after as fast as I can flee
I trust to be there as soone as hee
That yf my master be not redye home to come
I wold be here agayne as fast as I can rune
In any wyse to speake wth my masteris
O: elis I shall neuer escape hanging dubtles
Dame Cope

I shall not suppe this night full well I see
For as yet noo bodie cumt the for to fet mee
But good ynough let me alone
I woll bee euen wth theim every chone
I saye nothing, but I thinke sum what I wols
Sum ther bee that shall here of this
Of al bnkind & churlishe husbands this is p'cast
To let ther wyues set at home and fast
While they bee forth and make good cheare
Pastime, and spozte, as now he doth there
But yf I were a wylf woman, as I am a mome
I shold make my selfe as good chere at home
But if he haue thus bnkindlye serued mee
I woll not forget it this monethis thzee
And if I west þ fault were in him, I pray god I be ded
But he shoulde haue suche a kyzie, ere he went too bed
As he neuer had befoze in all his lyfe
Nor any man ells haue had of his wyfe
I wolde rate him and shake him after such a sozte
As sholde be to him a cozrasue, full lytle to his cumfozte

His trippe and goo

Yf I may be so bolde by your maisterisshps lycens
As too speake and shew my mynde and sentence
I thinke of this you may the hope thanke
For I know that he playeth you many a lyke pranke
And that wolde you saye, yf you knew as mutch as wee
That his daylye conuersacion and byhautoze see
For yf you commaund him to goo speake wth sum one
Yt is an houre ere he wolbe gone
Then woll he rune forth, and playe in the strete
And cume a gaine and say that he cannot wth him mete

Dame Coye

D.i.

Ray

Naye, naye, it is his maisters playe
He seruith me soo almost euerye thirde daye
But I wolbe euen with him as god geue me foy
And yet the fault may bee in the boye
As vngracious a graft so mot I thziue
As any goeth on goddes ground a lyue

Careawaye

My witte is bzeched in suche a bzake
That I cannot deuise what way is best to take
I was almost as fare as my maister is
But then I begane to remember this
And to cast the wozt as on in fere
yf he chaunce to see mee and kepe me there
Till he cum him selfe, & speake with mi masteris
Then am I lyke to bee in shewd dystres
yet were I better thought I to turne hom again
And fyrst speake with her certayne
Cockes bodie ponder he standeth at the doze
Now is it wourse then it was befoze
Wold chzist I could get againe out of hir sight
For I see be her looke she is disposid to fyght
Wiþ lord she hath ther an angrie shewes loke

Dame coye

Loe pender cumithe that vnhappye hooke

✧ Careawaye

God saue you maysteris doo you know me well

Dame coye

Cume nere hither vnto mee, and I shall thee tell
Why thou noughtie byllan is that thy gyse
To gest with thy maisteris in suche wise
take that to begyne with, and god befoze
When thy maister cumith home thou shalt haue more
For

Foz he told me when he forth wente
That thou shouldest come hake a gaine incontinent
To bynge me to supper where he now is
And thou hast plaid by the waie, & thet haue don bi thys
But no force I shall thou mayst trust mee
Teache all naughtie knaues to beware by thee

✱ Careawaye

Foz sothe maisteris yf you knew as much as I
ye woulde not be with me halfe so angrie
Foz the faulte is neither in mi maister noz in me noz you
But in an other knaue that was here euen now
And his name was ienkin Careawaye

Dame coye

What I see my man is disposid to playe
I waine he be dzon ken oz mad I make god a bou

Careawaye

Nay I haue byn made sobze and tame I now
I was neuer so handelid befoze in all my lyfe
I would euery man in England had so beat me his wife
I haue fozgotten with tousing by the here
What I deuised to say a lytle ere

Dame coye

Haue I lost my supper this night thzough thi negligēce

Careawaye

Nay then wer I a knaue misteris, sauing your reuerēce

Dame coye

Why I am sure that by this time it is doone

✱ Careawaye

Ye that it is moze then an our agone

Dame coye

And was not thou sent to feache mee theyther

Careawaye

D.ii.

yes

Yes and had come right quicklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shape legges and all
And meat with one, that from me did it stele
But be god he and I sum blowes dyd deale
I wolde he were now befoze your gate
For you wold pounle him so plie a bout the pate

Dame Coye

Cruelye this wagepattie is either drunken or mad

* Carraway

Neuer man soffred so mutche wrong as I had
But maisters I shold saye a thynge to you
Cary it wol cum to my remembrance euen now
I must niddes vse a substanciall pmeditacion
For the matter lyeth gretyllye me apon
I besiche your maisterlyshipe of pardon and forgiuenes
Desyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulnes
I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue sayed
And am therof full till a pased
But whan I lost my selfe I knewe berie well
I lost also that I shold you tell

Dame Coye

Why thou wretched billen dost thou me scozne and moke
To make me to these folke a lausyng stocke
Ere thou go out of my handes I walt haue sum thyng
And I woll rekyne better in the moonyng

* Carraway.

And yf you bete mee maysteris a bisse you
For I am none of your seruants now
That ocher I is now your page
And I am no longer in your bondage

Dame Coye

Now walke precious thise get thee out of my syght
And I charge thee cum in my presens no more this night
Get thee heng and wayte on thy maister at ons

C Careawale

Mary syz this is handeling for the noons
I wold I had byn hanged befoze þ I was lost
I was neuer this canuased and tolt
That if my maister on his part also
Handle me as my maister is and the other I do
I shall surelye be killed bitwene thelm thze
And all the diuels in hell shall not saue me
But yet if the other I might haue to me parte
All this wold neuer greue my harte

Jacke tugler

Hou saye you maisters I pray you tell
Haue not I requited my marchent well
Haue not I handelyd hym after a good sort
Had it not byne pytie to haue lost this spozte
A none his maister on his behalphe
You shall see how he wold handle the calphe
yf he throughe lye angered bee
He wold make him smart so mot I thee
I wold not for the price of a new payze of Wone
That any parte of this had bynne vndune
But now I haue reuenged my quarell
I wold go do of this myne apparell
And now let Careawale be Careawale agasne
I haue done with that name now certayne
Except perauenture I shall take the selfe same wede
Sum other tyme agayne for a like cause and nede

Boungrace

Why then darist thou to presume too tell mee

Care

That I know is no wyse possible for to bee

✧ Careawaye

Now by my truth master I haue told you no lie
And all these folkes knowith as well as I
I had nosooner knoked at the gate
But straight wayes he had me by the pate
Therfore yf you bet me tyll I fart & wyt againe
you shall not cause me for any payne
But I wolle affirme as I said before
That when I came nere a nother doore at y^e doze

• Boungrace

Why y^e naughtye villaine darest y^e affirme to me
that which was neuer sene nor hereafter shalbe
That one man may haue too bodys & two faces
And y^e one man at on time may be in too placis
Tell me drankest thou any where by the waye

✧ Careawaye

I chereue me if I drake any moze the^r twice to day
Tyll I met euen now with that other I
And with him I supped and dranke truelye
But as for you yf you gaue me drinke and meat
As oftentymes as you do me beat
I were the best fed page in all this Cytie
But as touchyng that, you haue on me no pitye
And not onely I but all that do you serue
For meat and drinke may rather starue

Boungrace

What you saucye-malypert knane
Begrine you with your master to prate and raue
your tonge is lyberall and all out of frame
I must niddes counger it and make it tame
wher is y^e other Careawaye y^e thou said was here

Care

Careawaye

Now by my chryſtendome ſyz I wot nere

Boungrace

Why canſt thou fynde no man to moke but mee

Careawaye

I moke you not maſter ſoo mot I thee

Euerye woꝝd was trew that I you tolde

Boungrace

Ray I know toyes and pranke of olde

And now thou art not ſatiffyed noꝝ content

Withouꝝt regarde of my biddinges and commaũdiment

To haue played by the waie as a leude knaue & neglugēt

When I thee on my meſſage home ſent

But alſo woldeſt willinglye me delude & moke

And make me to all wyſe men a laughynꝝ ſtoke

Mewynꝝ me ſuche thinges as in no wyſe be maie

To ſ intent thy leudnes mai turne to ieſt & play

Therfoꝝe if ſpēake any ſuch thing to me agaie

I promyſe it ſhal be vnto thy payne

Careawaye

Loo is not he in myſerable caſe

That ſarveth ſuche a maſter in any place

that wıth foꝝce wol compel him ſ thing to denie

That he knoweth true, and hath ſine wıth hys pe

Boungrace

Was it not troieſt thou thine owne ſhadoo

Careawaye

My ſhadoo could neuer haue beten me ſoo

Boungrace

Why by what reaſon poſſible may ſuche a thyng bee

Careawaye

Ray I maruael and wıponder at it moꝝe than ye

And

And at the fyrst it dyd me curstelye meane
Noz I wold myne owne yes in no wyse belyue
Untyll that other I beate me soo
That he made me belue it toghether i wold oz no
And if he had your selfe now within his reache
He wold make you say so too oz ellis beshite your

Master Boungrace (bzeach

I durst a good mede, and a wager laye
That thou laiest doune and sleepest by the waile
And dzemid all this that thou haste me tolde

Careawate

Maye there you lye master if I might be so bold
But we ryle so erlye that yf I hadde
I hadde doone well and a wyse ladde
yet mayster I wolde you vnder stood
That I haue all wayes byn trusty and good
And slye as fast as a bere in a cage
When so euer you sende me in your message
In saythe as for this that I haue tolde you
I sawe and felte it as waking as I am now
For I had noo soner knocked at the gate
But the other I knaue had mee by the pate
And I durst to you one a boke swere
That he had byn watching for mee there
Longe ere I came hyden in sum pryue place
Euen for the nons too haue me by the face

Master boungrace

why then thou speakest not with my wyfe

Careawate

So that I dyd not master by my lyfe
Untyll that other I was gone
And then my maisteris sent me after a none

To waight on you home in the dyuelles name
I wene the dyuell neuer so beate his dame

Maister boungrace

And where became that other Careawaye

* Careawaye

By myne honestie syz I cannot saye
But I warrant he is now not far heng
He is here amonge this cumpany for .xl. pengs

Maister boungrace

Hence at tonce like and smell him out
I shall rape thee on the lying knaneg snought
I woll not bee deludyd with such a glosing lye
Nor giue credens tyll I see it with my oune eye

* Careawaye.

Trulpe good syz by your maister shipps sauoure
I cannot well fynd a knaue by the sauoure
Many here smell strong but none so ranke as he
A stronger sented knaue then he was cannot bee
But syz yf he be happelye founde anone
What a mēds shal I haue for yf you haue me don

Maister boungrace

If he may befound I shall walke his cote

* Careawaye

Ye for our lady sake syz I besiche you spare hi not
For it is sum false knaue withouten doubt
I had rather the .xl. pengs we could find him out
For yf a man maye belue a glase
Euen my verie oune selfe it was.

And here he was but euen right now
And staped a waye sodenlie I wat not how
Of such a oother thig I haue nether hard ne sene
By our blyssyd lady heauen quene

E.i.

maister

Maister boungrace
Plainelye it was thy shadowe that thou didest se
For in faith the other thyng is not possible to be

✱ Carewape

Yes in good faith for by your leaue
I knowe it was I by my apples in my sleue
And speaketh as like me as euer you harde
Suche here, such a Cape, such Hose and cote
And in eueri thing as iust as. iiii. peng to a grot
That if he were here you should well see
That you could not discern noz knowe hi fro me
For thinke you that I do not my selfe knowe
I am not so folthe a knaue I trowe
Let who woll looke him by and by
And he woll depose vpon a boke that he is I
And I dare well say you woll saye the same
For he called hym selfe by my owne name
And tolde me all that I haue done
With fyue of the cloke this after none
He could tell when you were to supper sete
You send me home my maisteris to sete
And shewed me al thinges that I dyd by y waie

Boungrace

What was that

✱ Carewale

How I dyd at the Bukelers playe
And whā I scatterid a basket of apples fro a stal
And gethered them into my sleue all
And how I played after that also

Boungrace

Thou shalt haue by therfore so mote I go
As that the guise of a trustie page

To playe when he is sent on his maisters message

Dame cope

Laye on and spare not for the loue of chryst
Ioll his hed to a post, and fauoure your syde
Now for my sake sweete hart spare & fauoure your hand
And lay him about the rybbes with this wande

Careawaye

Now marcy that I aske of you both twaine
Sawe my lyfe and let me not be slayne
I haue had beting ynough for one daye
That a mischiffe take the other me Careawayne
That if euer he come to my handes agayne
I wis it shalbe to his payne
But I maruayll greatlye by our lord Ihesus
How he Iescap'd, I me beat me thus
And is not he I an vnkind knaue
That woll no more pytie on my selfe haue
Here may you see, euidentlye ywis
That in him me no drope of honestie is
Now a bengaunce light on suche a churles knaue
That no more loue toward my selfe haue

Dame cope

I knewe verye wel swete hart & saied right now
That no fault therof shoulde be in you

Boungrace

No truelye good bedfelow, I were then mutch vnkinde
If you at any tyme shoulde be out of my mynde

Dame Cope

Surelye I haue of you a great treasure
For you do all thinges which may be to my pleasure

Boungrace

I am sozry that your chaunce hath now byne so yll

C.ii.

I wolde gladly bene bnsupped, soo you had your fyll
But goo we in pigesnie that you may suppe
you hane cause now to thanke this same hange bppe
For had not he byne you had faryd very well

Dame Coye

I bequeth him to a hot bengaunce to the diuell of hell
And hartelye I besiche him that hanged on the rode
That he neuer eate nor dzyne, that may do him good
And that he dye a shamefull dethe sauing my cheryte

Care a waie

I pray god send him suche prosperitie
That hath caused me to haue all this busines
But yet lye you see the charite of my maistris
She liueth after a wonderfull charitable facion
For I assure you she is alwayes in this passion
And scatelye on daye thzoughout the hole yere
She woll wythe any man better chere
And sum tyme yf she well angred bee
I pray god (woll she saye) þ house may synke vnder mee
But maysters yf you happen to see that other I
As that you shall it is not verie likelye
Nor I woll not desyre you for him purposelye to looke
For it is an vncomperable unhappye hooke
And if it be I you might happin to seeke
And not fynd me out in an hole weeke
For whan I was wonte to rune a waye
I bled not to cum a gayne in lesse thā a moneth or tway
Houbet for all this I thinke it be not I
For to thew the matter in dyde trulye
I neuer ble to rune a waye in wynter nor in here
But all wayes in suche tyme and season of the yere
When honye lyeth in the hieues of Bees

And

And all maner frute falleth from the trees
 As Apples, Nuttes, Beres, and plummes also
 Wherby a hope maye liue a yod a moneth or two
 This cast do I hse I woll nor with you sayne
 Therfoze I wonder if he be I sertaine
 But and if he be, and you mete me a yod by chaunce
 Send me home to my waister with a bengaunce
 And shew him if he cume not ere to morowe night
 I woll neuer receyue him agayne if I myght
 And in the meane time I woll giue him a grote
 That woll well and thyftelye walke his cote
 For a moze yngracious knaue is not euen now
 Bytwene this place and Calycow
 Nor a moze frantike mad knaue in bedelem
 Nor a moze folle hence to Iherusalem
 That if to cume agayne, parace he shall refuse
 I woll contine as I am and let hym choose
 And but he cum the soner by our lady bright
 He shall lye without the dozes all nyght
 For I woll hit by the gate, and get me to bede
 For I promise you I haue a very gydie bede
 I nede no supper for this nyght
 Nor wolde eate no meat though I myght
 And for you also maister I thinke I best
 you go to bede, and take your rest
 For who of you had byn handelid as I haue ben
 wold not be long out of his bede I ween
 No moze woll I but stele out of syght
 I praye god geue you all good nyght
 And send you better hape, and fortune
 The to lesse your selfe home ward as I haue don

Sumwhat

Sumwhat it was sayeth the prouerbe olde
That the Catte winked when here eye was out
That is to saye no tale can be tolde
But that sum Englyshe maye be piked therof out
ysso to serche the laten & ground of it men wil go aboute
As this trifling enterlud þ befoze you hath bine rehersted
May signifie sum further meaning if it be well serched

Such is the fashyon of the woorld now a dayes
That the symple innoſaintes ar deluded
And an hundzed thousand diuers wayes
By suttle and craftye meanes shamefullie abused
And by strength foize, and violence oft tymes compelled
To belue and saye the mounne is made of a grene cheſe
Or ellſ haue great harme, and parace their life leſe

And an olde ſaying it is, that moſt tymes myght
Foize, ſtrength, power, & coloꝛable ſubtlete
Dothe oppreſſe, debare, ouercum and defeate ryght
Though þ cauſe ſtand neuer ſo greatlye a gainſt equite
and þ truth therof be knowē foꝛ neuer ſo pfit certantye
ye & the poze ſemple innocent þ hath had woꝛong & inturi
Muſt cal þ other his good maiſter foꝛ ſhe wing hym ſuch
(marcye)

And as it is daylie ſene foꝛ ſere of ferther diſpoſite
He muſt that man his beſt frende and maiſter call
Of whome he neuer receiued any maner benefite
And at whose hand he neuer han any good at all
And muſt graunt, affirme, or denie, what ſoeuer he ſhall
He muſt ſaye the Crowe is whtght, yf he be ſo cōmaūded
ye and that he him ſelfe is into a nother body chaunged
he

He must saye he dyd a myffe, though he neuer dyd offend
He must aske for geuenes, where he did no trespase
Or els be in trouble, care and miserye wth out ende
And be cast in sum arrierage, without any grace
And that thing he sawe done befoze his owne face
He must by compulsion, stifelye denye
And for feare whether he woll or not saye tounge you lye

And in euerie faculte, this thing is put in bze
And is so vniuersall that I nede no one to name
And as I fere is like euermore to endure
For it is in all faculties a commyn spozte and game
The weaker to saie as þ stronger biddeth, or to haue blam
As a cunning sophist woll by argument bzing to passe
That the rude shal confesse, and graunt him selfe an asse

And this is þ daylie exerceise and pzactise of their scoles
And not emongs them onlie, but also emong all others
The stronger to compeill and make pooze symple foles
To say as they commaund them in all maner matiers
I woll name none particular, but let them all togethers
With out any exception, for I pzaye you shewe me one
Emonges al in the woꝛlde that blet he not suche fasson

He that is stronger and moze of power and might
If he be disposed to reuenge his cause
Woll sone pke a quarell be it wzonge or right
To the inferioꝛ and weaker for a cople of straues
And woll agaynst him so extremelie lay the lawes
That he wol put him to the woꝛse, other by false inturte
Or by some craft and subtelete, or els by plaine terante
C.iii. Als

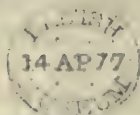
As you sawe right now, by example playne
Aa other felowe being a counterfeate page
Brought the gentylmans seruaunt out of his bzayne
And made him graunt þ̄ him selfe was fallen in dotage
Baryng him selfe in hand that he dyd rage
And when he could not bzyng that to passe by reason
He made him graunt it, and saye by compulsion

Therfoze happy are they that can beware
Into whose handes they fall by any suche chaunce
whiche if they do, they hardlye escape care
Trible, Miserye, and woofull greuaunce
And thus I make an end, comitting you to his gidas
That made, & redemed vs al, and to you þ̄ be now here
I praye god graunt, and send many a good newe yere.

✱ Finis.

Printed at London in Lothbury by me
Wylliam Copland.

* *



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